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for the Violin, German Flute or PARPS 3 C BRD

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Behold you fair Palace where Cupid remains,

Who fashious strong Fetters to hind raptur'd Swains,

His Bows & his Arrows his Quivers & Darts;

He prepares wittless Virgins to vanquish your Hearts.

He prepares &c.

But I'll not regard him when att the next Wake,
While in the large City some Pastime I take;
I'll steal my fond Bosom against Love's Alarms.
For WILLIAM was only ordain'd for my Charms.
For WILLIAM &c.

4

Shoud I meet the brave Heroe on Windsor gay Plaines,

Whom Pope speaks so well of, in pastoral Strains,

To Ditties sublimer my Voice will I raise

In Straines as are suited to great WILLIAM'S Praise.

In Strains &c.

5

God fend us a long & a Prosperous Reign,

That France may ne'er harm us united to Spain,

May the Sun Shine for ever & Flow'rs lively Spring,

On WILLIAM & EDWARD on GEORGE & our KING.

On WILLIAM &c









Those Willows & Hazels which once look'd so Green, Will never no more be so beautifull seen; Nor will the young Kidlings be half so much Blesst, As they were, when of their sweet Jessy possesst. The Fields loose their sweetness, & all the gay Flow'rs Are wither'd & faded around in the Bow'rs. The plains look quite stupid as never was known, Because she prefers to the Shades, the gay Town.

3

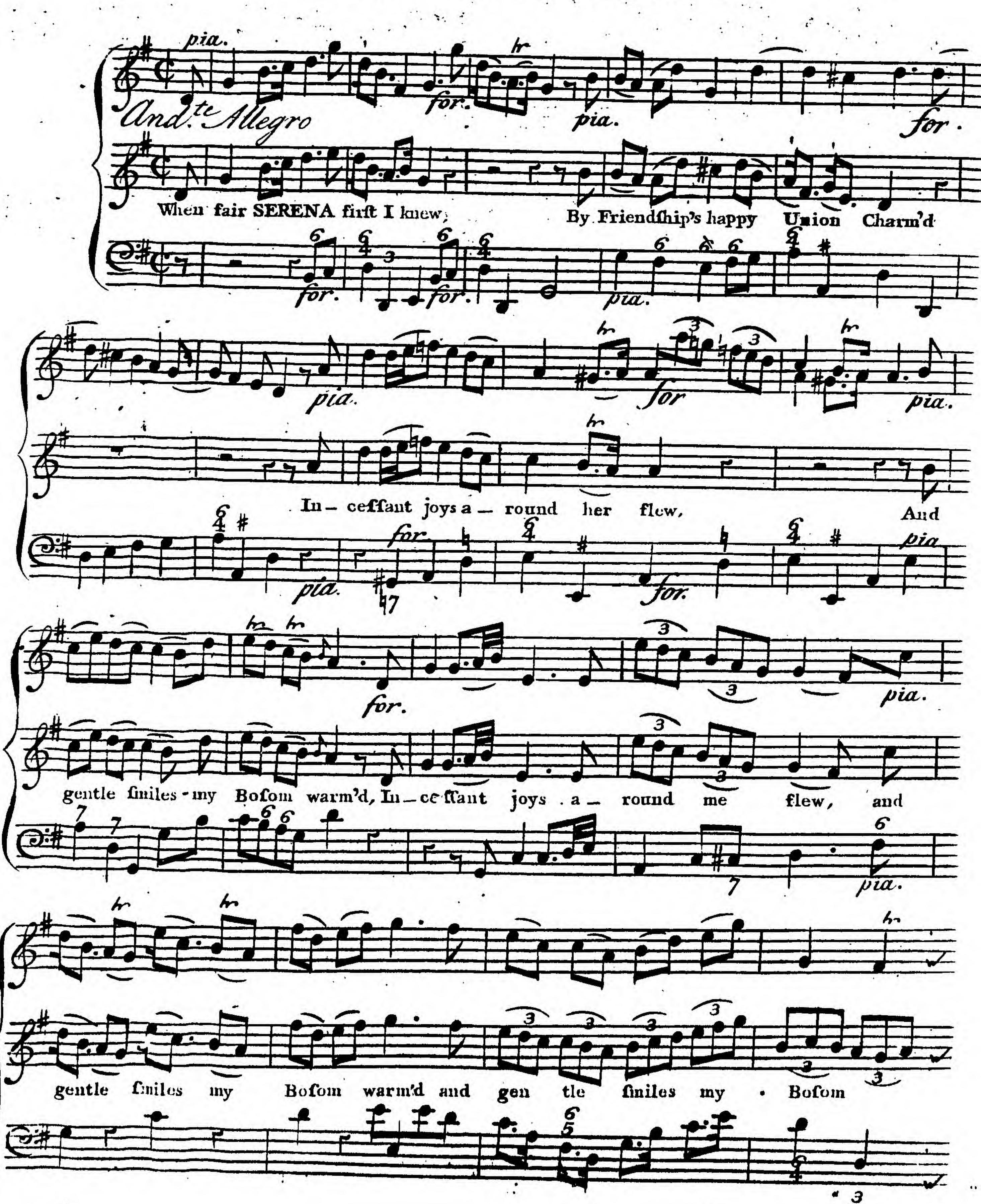
No more I'll be Shepherd but instantly Rove,
In scarch of the fair one I value & Love,
The World's but a Descrt at best unto me,
When I am bereft my dear Jessy of thee
My Scrip & my Sheep Hook I won at the Wake,
Last Monday thro' Madness in shivers I break
I hang'd my Dog Tray too, & fled from the Rocks,
And left to the mercy of Wolves my rich Flocks.

When my stocks are all vended dress out in fine,
I'll shine in the City amongst the gay Beaux's
Where I shall see Jessy & tell her my Mind,
How I am quite wretched because she's unkind;
If she shou'd despise me & still at me frown
And slight me who once was a Swain of her own;
I from a high Monutain will dash out my Brains
And so put an end to my sorrow & Pains

5

I beg all ye Shepherds shou'd this he my Doom With Lillies & Roses ye'll dress out my Tomb. And write some soft Motto, that ages may tell That the cause of my Rashness was loving too well: But shou'd she prove kinder each Swain I'll invite So turn all my forrows to joy & delight: In hopes former coolness att last will but prove. As so many Motives to strengthen our Love.







But when with fond Officious Care,
I press'd to breath my Am'rous Pain,
S. Her Lips spoke nought but cold Despair,
Her Eyes shott Ice thro' ev'ry Vain :S:

Thus in Italia's lovely Vales, The Sun, his genial Vigour Yields,

S. Reviving heat each sense Regales
And Plenty crowns the smiling Fields. S.

When nearer we approach his Ray
High on the Alps stupendons Bow
:S: Surpriz'd we see pale Sun Beams play
On Everlasting Hills of Snow.:S:



Collin 5



Full foon this Brisk young Lad was seen
Att Cudgell's on the Verdant Green,
His Feits were all but folly;
Beause the Artfull Loone before.
Had try'd in vain thrice O'er, and O'er
To Conquer modest DOLLY, to Conquer &c.

3

She told him all his Words were Wind,

And quite despis him in her Mind

He then grew Melancholly;

To find that both the Nymphs grew cool,

And he alas, had play the Fool;

In changing POLL, for DOLLY, in changing &c.

4

Thus fir'd with Anger att the two,

He fwore to Nymph he'd ne'er prove true,

Nor live the fhilly fhally;

No more his Mind he'd e'er perplex

But quite despite, the faithless Sex;

For take of MOLL and DOLLY. For take &c.





To Chear my Mind with Love oppresst 'S. Let her give joy or know no Rest 'S.

Conduct me to those happy Plains :S. Where gentle Love & Jessy Reigns:S:

Cou'd I the cruel Charmer find Cou'd fond addresses melt the Mind In gratefull strains my Voice I'd raise .S. Such straines as suit my Jessy's Praise's.







2

O grant at least my Charming Maid,
Your Pity for my Pain;
And if to Love you are affraid,
Fear also to disdain. Fear also &c.

3

Take me my Dearest to thy Breast,

And all my Pains destroy;

Reflect that I can never rest,

While you Continue Coy. While you &c.

4

Tis you alone that can precure.

A Medicine to remove;

The cruel Pains that I endure,

From unfuccessfull Love. From unfuccessful &c.

5

Know Beauteous Maid the fairest Flowers,

By time and Years decay;

And the your slight your faithfull Wooers

To Worms you'll be a Prey. To Worms &c.

